

THE NEW SOUTH.



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THE NEW SOUTH.

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OFFICE: Post Office Building, Union Square.

POETRY.

Jack's Farewell to his Gill.

Scene—Wardroom of the U. S. S. ——— Time—
August 31, 1862.

(*Officer Sings.*)

Oh, messmates, pass the bottle round,
Our time is short, remember;
For our grog must stop, and our spirits drop,
On the first day of September.

Farewell, Old Rye! 'tis a sad, sad word—
But alas! it must be spoken—
The ruby cup must be given up,
And the demijohn be broken!

Yet memory oft will backward turn
And dwell with fondness partial,
On the days when gin was not a sin
Nor cocktails brought courts-martial.

Jack's happy days will soon be past,
To return again, oh never,
For they've raised his pay five-cents a day
But stopped his grog forever.

The boatwain's mate pipes: "*All hands splice the
main brace.*")

All hands to splice the main brace call,
But splice it now in sorrow.
For the spirit-room key will be laid away
Forever, on to-morrow.

READING THE LIST.

"Is there any news of the war?" she said.

"Only a list of the wounded and dead,"

Was the man's reply,

Without lifting his eye

To the face of the woman standing by.

"'Tis the very thing that I want," she said:

"Read me a list of the wounded and dead."

He read her the list—'twas a sad array
Of the wounded and killed in the fatal fray;
In the very midst was a pause to tell
That this youth, who had fought so well
That his comrades asked, "Who is he pray!"

"The only son of the widow Gray,"

Was the proud reply

Of his Captain nigh,

What ails the woman standing near?

Her face has the ashen hue of fear!

"Well, well, read on; is he wounded? quick!

O God! but my heart is sorrow sick!"

"Is he wounded? no! he fell, they say.

Killed outright on that fatal day!"

But see! the woman has swooned away!

Sadly she opened her eyes to the light;
Slowly recalled the event of the fight;
Fainly she murmured, "Killed outright:
It has caused the life of my only son;

But the battle is fought and the victory's won;

The will of the Lord, let it be done!"

God pity the cheerless widow Gray,

And send from halls of eternal day,

The light of His peace to illumine her way!

The Post Bakery.

Standing opposite the Ordnance Yard is a long, low shed, glaring with whitewash, and grotesque in aspect;—its steep, disproportionate roof making it by all odds the unshapeliest of the many unshapely buildings which compose the mushroom town of Hilton Head, and suggesting at a glance the common caricature of a very small man hidden by a very large hat. But nuts on the sweetest kernel have not always the smooth shells, and we have the authority of Holy Writ saying that the joyous bees chose the gloomy cavern as a lion as a depository for their honey; the forerunner need be surprised at our statement that the squat, rude shed—architecture-ignorant though it be—there emanates an influence much to soften the asperities of a lot in the wilderness, and link us to Civilization.

This queer, misshapen shed is the Post Bakery. Without it and the conveniences which it contains (oh! horrible thought!) we should be obliged to "hard tack" instead of luxuriating in the excellent kind of bread which we now obtain. We have often at midnight passed by the Bakery, catching glimpses beyond its doors of a score of busy men,—in tucked-up sleeves and paper caps, of visage chalky and wearing garments yellowish-white, like those of an artist in plaster,—flitting about as ghosts might among the graves, and we dared not enter. That a baker could be found, in working hours, sociable enough and willing to instruct humble seekers after knowledge like ourselves into the mysteries of his craft, we believed to be just as much an impossibility as it would be to find a sociable boiler-maker or a sociable light-house-keeper. We classed the three avocations in the catalogue of morose pursuits, and looked upon the creatures who followed them much as we do upon an undertaker—useful, but to be pitied.

As far as the bakers are concerned we must correct our opinion. They are a jolly, yeast-drink set of fellows, with hearts as light as their "sponge," and as warm as their ovens. All this and more we learned last Monday morning, while taking our constitutional daily tramp for the benefit of our health and for the profit of our readers. We sauntered towards the Bakery. Its doors, as usual, were open wide, and seemed to say "come in and welcome!" The half-closed window-shutters gave us an hospitable wink, and hesitatingly we passed the whitened portals. A large brown pile of smoking bread, packed endwise in a corner; wafted a mater-familias influence through the place and we immediately felt at home. A minute afterwards we were drinking yeast and rising in the head-baker's confidence. He showed us over the establishment, explained all things to us with exemplary patience, bade us drink more yeast, dipped out of a barrel with a bright tin-cup, and when our visit ended we were wiser by a whole "batch" than before.

To Capt. M. R. Morgan, Chief Commissary of the Department, we are all indebted for the advantages which the Bakery confers—at least for possessing them as early as we did after the occupation of the Post. His foresight and care prompted him to purchase the bricks required for the construction of ovens which should bake good bread for at least 20,000 men, and this material was brought down with the original expedition. Owing to the difficulty of discharging the cargoes of the transports before the long pier was completed, there was delay in getting the bricks ashore,

and the bakery was not ready for work until January. All remember with satisfaction the pleasant change from dry "hard tack" to soft and wholesome bread.

The Post Bakery is an army institution to which the Commissariat Department gives only a semi-official endorsement; but certain rules are prescribed for its management. The flour is not issued by the Commissary directly to the bakers, but comes to them through the various regiments, and for every pound of flour "turned in" a pound of bread goes out. As a pound of flour is not used in making the same weight of bread, there is a small accumulation of the flour "turned in," which is placed to the credit of the Post. From this surplus flour and others are supplied, at a regular basis, and a fund is started called the "Post Fund." From this fund hops are purchased and all the expenses of the bakery met, when the remainder is devoted according to the pleasure of the "Post Council of Administration," generally to the establishment of a library, to the education of children, or to some equally useful purpose. Some idea of the magnitude of the business done by this bakery may be gained from the fact that the fund had increased to the handsome sum of about \$5,500 up to the end of July when Capt. Wm. P. Martin resigned the office of Post Treasurer to Lieut. Fred. A. Sawyer, the present incumbent.

We had intended to give a description of bread-making, as we witnessed the process, but our article already exceeds the limits we had designed. Sufficient to say that there are seven ovens, each capable of baking 180 loaves at once, and the time consumed in making a "batch," varying of course according to the temperature of the atmosphere, is 6½ hours. On the average 4½ pails of water and yeast are required in mixing a barrel of flour to the proper consistency or stiffness. The work is all done by soldiers detailed for the purpose, who are divided into three reliefs and each relief produces three "batches" during the twenty-four hours. Scrupulous cleanliness is everywhere apparent about the premises, and in eating the bread there need be no apprehension that the dough was kneaded with dirty feet. Hands do all the work. Sergt. F. A. Wilcoxson has charge of the establishment and in Corporal Adam Young he finds an able assistant. That their bread is palatable we all can testify.

THE POSTAGE STAMP CURRENCY.—The new postal currency is issued in sheets of twenty for the fives and tens, and sixteen for the twenty-fives and fifties, perforated, like postage stamps, so as to be easily separated. All are formed of five and ten cent stamps, the fives and tens each consisting of a simple stamp with a large circle on each side containing the Roman numerals V or X, in geometrical lathework. The twenty-fives and fifties are made by overlapping five or ten-cent stamps. The ground work of the fives and twenty-fives is yellow, to prevent photographing. The green of the tens and fifties is not readily susceptible of photographing. Of the daily issue, 20,000 bills will be fives, 20,000 tens, 32,000 twenty-fives, and 32,000 fifties.

SHORT BUT EXPRESSIVE DIALOGUE.—"John, where is your master to-day?" "Oh, he's off, sir, recruiting." "Recruiting, is he? That's good! where's he recruiting?" "Up in the White Mountains, sir, recruiting his health." "Ah! he's sick, is he? What's the matter?" "He took cold on account of the dr. ft." "That's bad; then he went go to war?" "Oh no, sir, he's too 'White awake.'"